Ohlo. WALDING, KINNAN & MANVIN, Wholesale Druggiets, Tokady, Ohlo. Halls Catarth Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonias entires. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Gas pipes are made of manilla paper, coated with asphalt.

216 Bas. S Lbs. Onts From One Bus. Seed, This routerkable, almost unheard-of, yield ras reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Mon-tana, who plantel one bushel of Great North. cana, war plante lone busine of Great North.

em Oats, carefully tilled nul 'irrigated same,
and believer that in 1831 he can grow from one
businel of Great Norther 1 Outs three hundred
busines. It's a wonderful cat. If you will,
CUTTAIL OUT AND SEND IT with 80 postage to
the above firm you will receive sample package
of above oats and their mammoth farm seed
catalogue.

Dutch country houses are decorated with

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures incipient Con-sumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., \$1

Japanese Tooth Powder, Gennine.

A large fox mailed for 10 cents. Lapp Drug
Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



Scrofula

The Worst Case the Doctors Ever Saw

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Dear Sirs:—I wish to testify to the great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time i had been troubled with scrofula, which early last whiter assumed a very bad form.

Scress Appeared on My Face and hands and gradually increased in number until they reached to my shoulder. The doctors said it was the worst case of scrofula they ever saw and also went so far as to say it was incurable. I twice dominated and other remedies but to no avail. A friend recommended

Hood's sparing Cures

ood's Sarsaparilla, and although I was com-letely discouraged, as a last chance I resolved give it a trial. After taking one bottle I no-ced the sores had commenced to heat. After to sixth bottle

the sixth bottle
They Wore All Homled.

1 continued to take it however, until I had used nine bottles, and now I am surfactorit well.*

MISS KATLE ROSENGHANT, Ulster, Penn MISS KATLE ROSENGHANT, Ulster, Penn I Head's Pills are propent and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all drugslats. 25 cents.





THE WALL PAPER MERCHANT SELLS THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST

der by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

TOTAL, 65 per cent.
We have paid to our customers in 75 days.
Profits paid twice sech month; money can be withdrawn any time; 20 to \$1000 can be invested; write for information.

FISHER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 18 and 20 Broadway, New York.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRES, Successfully Prospoutes Olalina. Late Principal Examine: U.S. Panalos Bursan. Jyreitu kat war, 15 adjudioating elaliga atty sinoa.

PATENTS TRADEMARKS, Examination of invention. Send for invention. Send for inventors Guido, or how togel a patent. PATRICK OFARITELLA, WASHINGTON, D.O.

PISONS CHIER FOR CURES WHER ALL FIRST FAILS.
Best Cough Symp. Trastes Good. Use in time. Etch by drugsity.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The ideal and the Material—Mean-Necessity for Husbanding It— His Hobby—Raw Ma-terial, Etc., Etc.

He says he lives on nectar
Sipped from the muse's lips,
But runs his legs off just the same
To sell his MSS.
—Detroit Tribune.

MEAN.

Jess—"George asked me last night to wear this ring for his sake." Bess—"Bheumatism?"—Puck,

COMPENSATION.

"I should think bicycle riding would contract the chest," said Dawson. "It does," said Smithers; "but see what fine, full, rounded shoulders you

A VETO

Brown-"You don't take any of the comic papers, do you?"

Jones—"No. Had to give them up.
The cook objected to some of the cartoons."—Life.

The Office Boy—"Mr. Jenkins has been in to collect his bill."
Mr. Short—"4Has he? Confound Jenkins! That's a fad of his—trying to collect bills."—Puck.

THE NATURE OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Briton—"If your Great American Joke is so great, why can't we Euro-peans see it?"
American—"Because it is generally at your expense."—Puck.

Hudson—"Jones is very sick. Had an operation performed on him." Judson—"It wasn't successful, then?" Hudson—"Yes, it was—very successful. It was a Wall street operation."

SHORT TIME.

She-"Papa says you must not stay after 11 o'clock."

He-"It's 9 o'clock now."
Sho-"Mercy! we have only two hours to say good-night."—New York

RAW MATERIAL.

Weary Walker-"Even if we don't work we furnish a livin' for a good many people."
Tired Trotter-"Who?"

Weary Walker—"Ther fellers wot write jokes."—Life.

NECESSITY FOR HUSBANDING IT. Elderly Maidon—"This is so unexpected, Mr. Wellalong, that—that you must give me time!"
Elderly Lover—"Time. Miss Rebecca? Do you think there is any to spare?"—Chicago Tribune.

THE LAST RESORT. Parker-"What is that railroad syndicate of yours going to do?"

Barker—"Well, we've tried hard to sell the charter, but it begins to look as though we'd have to build the road to make anything out of it."-Puck

Caller—"I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin' five dollars reward for."

reward for."

Gentleman—"You have, ch?"

Caller—"Yep; an' if ye don't give
me ten dollars I'll take it to 'cr."— New York Weekly.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The Minister—"Mr. Robinson wishes to present a window to the church. But I don't like the inscription he

But I don't like the inscription he wishes placed on it."
The Minister's Wife-"What is it?"
The Minister-"Presented by Robinson, Jones & Co., Dry Goods."—Puck.

WEIGHED IN THE-BALANCE.

Taylor-"That boy of ours is very

Taylor—"That boy of ours is very slow."

Mrs. Taylor (sharply)—"How do you make that out?"

Taylor—"Why, see what other children have done at his age! I rend that Mozart played the piano when he was five years old."

WHAT HE HOPED.

First Boy—"Why weren't you out to-day? Sick?"
Second Boy—"Yes; been lyin' down all day."
"What's the matter?"

Scribblers—"Talk about literary work as drudgery! I don't find it so. My writing is done with perfect case. I don't revise. I don't often read over what I've written."

She—"Not read it over?"
Soribblers—"No, madam."
She (convinced)—"Then, indeed, your work must be easy for you."—Judge.

A WET BLANKET.

The Father—"He wants to marry you, does he? What do you know about him?" The Daughter-"He is a sincere Christian."

The F.—"Has he any money?"
The D.—"He has a treasure laid up in heaven."

The F.—"He has, has he? Then he can have you after he comes into possession of it."—New York Press.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater,
"do you know where my hat is?"
"Your hat, Josiah," answered Mrs.
Chugwater, "is in the corner over
there by the bookesse where you

tossed it when you came home last night. One of your gloves is on the piano just where you laid it, and the other is in your overcoat pocket. The overcoat is hanging on a chair in the back parlor exactly as you left it. Your shippers are under the lounge where you threw them when you put on your shoes. One of them has no heel, and the other has a hole worn through the sole, and—"
"Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, gathering up his hat and overcoat and moving toward the door, "you'd get along just as well if you were not quite so knowledgeous."—Chicago Tribune.

Squire B— is the "first citizen" of the New England town in which he lives, and is respected by all classes for hissterling qualities and abstemious habits.

He has much of the courtliness of He has much of the courtliness of the old school, coupled with great personal dignity, yet tempered with so keen a sense of humor that he can appreciate a joke, even though it be at his own expense. He relates the following episode with relish: Not long since his business called him to New York, which is as much his home as is his native place. He

him to New York, which is as much his home as is his native place. He hailed a Fifth avenue stage, and entering it, found it nearly filled.

Sprawling across the aisle sat a man in that stage of intoxication which renders one caroless of appearances. Squire B— attempted to step over his legs, but just then the the stage gave a lurch, and he stumbled over them. To the great amusement of every one in the stage, the man sat creet, and with maudlin soverity said, "Man 'n your c'ndish'n oughter take er cab."—Harper's Magazine.

DETAINED BY PUBLIC BUSINESS.

Mrs. Upjohn—"Henry, you have kept us waiting dinner a long time. What detained you?"
Mr. Upjohn—"Business. Couldn't get away any sooner. Looks like rain, doesn't it?"
"Yes. What was the nature of the business?"

"Public matters that wouldn't in-

terest you. That coffee smells de-licious. Is the steak all right?"
"Yes, the steak is all right. What were the public matters?"

were the public matters?"

"Tremendous crowd in front of a tall office building. I got right in the thick of it and couldn't get away. You had a headache when I went down town this morning. Is it better?"

"Yes, the headache is all gone. What—"

"How about these folks next door?

"How about these folks next door? Have they decided to rent their upper flat to that family from Kenwood?"
"No. They are going to let it to a newly married couple from the North

Side. What was the crowd doing?"
"Why-why-why, it was-it was
watching some men raise a safe to a six-story window. Seems to me you're mighty inquisitive."—Chicago Tri-bune.

Exciting Sport in California. It is said that in the tule lands, around Suisan, Cal., many wild hogs are found, as ferocious and as hard to kill as the wild hogs of Germany. One of these benets recently killed measured from the tip of his snout to the root of the tail more than six feet, and had tusks fourteen in the land. The table of the said o the tail more than six feet, and had tusks fourteen inches long. Though it had no superfluous flesh, it weighed 420 pounds. The skin on its shoulders was three inches thick, and as tough as leather. The hogs have been running wild in the marshes for a long time, and are savage enough to furnish better sport than some other animals, which are generally reputed to be more dangerous. A party was formed to kill a particular boar that had been roaming the tule lands for several years, in spite of the efforts of local hunters to bring him to bay. The tracks of the boar was found and he was traced to a patch of dense reed grass. The hunters invaded it from different points, and one of them suddenly came upon the animal. His comdifferent points, and one of them sud-denly came upon the animal. His com-panions heard the report of his gun, and the next instant saw the man's body thrown into the air fully ten feet. Going to his rescue, a second hunter was charged by the beast. One shot brought him to his knees, but even then he rose and rushed on his assail-ant again. A second ball penetrated ant again. A second ball penetrated the brain, and he rolled over dead. The man who was thrown into the air was not seriously injured, but received bruises which laid him up for a con-siderable time. -- New Orleans Picayune.

A Backwoods Piano Factory.

First Boy—"Why weren't you out to-day? Sick?"
Second Boy—"Yes; been lyin' down all day."
"What's the matter?"
"I don't know yet; but I hope it's smallpox. I've heard they don't give cod-liver oil for smallpox."—Good News.

Broadway Conductor—"You're not allowed to smoke here, sir."
Mike—"Faith, an' Oi'm not shmokin, sor!"
Broadway Conductor—"But your pipe is in your mouth."
Mike—"Yis, an' Oi hev me fut in me boot, but Oi'm not walkin'."—Judge.

EASY FOR HIM.
Scribblers—"Talk about literary work as drudgery! I don't find it so. My writting is done with perfect eese. I don't revise. I don't forten read over what I've written."
She—"Not read it over?"
Scribblers—"Not read it over?"
Scribblers—"On, madam."
She—conded—"Then, indeed, your work must be easy for you."—Judge.

A Backwoods Piano Factory.

"There was a piano factory at Wartburg, of that State, at the Laclede. "The singular thing about it is that Wartburg was about one pludred miles over the mountains. The wood of which the instruments were made had be brought from New York, and then lauled one hundred miles over the mountains to Wartburg, which was a German colony. The pianos were made by a practical musician, and when an instrument was ordered he would finish up the different parts at Wartburg and then haul them to the home of his customer, generally many miles away, and put up the planothere. One of them is now at Wartburg, and the building where they were made still stands, although no longer used as a pinno manufactory. The town, which consists of about two hundred people, is away from the rail-rail many for the mountains to Wartburg, and the building where they were made still stands, although no longer used as a pinno factory at the tion in London. Probably the most wartburg about one lundred miles over the Cumber-rail musician, and when an instrument was ordered he would finish up the different parts at Wartburg, and then haul them to the home of his customer, generally many miles away, and put up the planothere. One of them is now at Wartburg, and Globe-Democrat.

The "Toad" Ring.

The "Toad" Ring.

The "toad" rings are among the curiosities of the Londesborough collection of antique rings. They are very curious specimens, symbolic of the superstitions of the middle ages, when the toad was supposed to swallow diseases as easily as he is represented swallowing a snake. It was then believed that a stone called crapaudine was found in the head of the toad, and the virtue it contained was a talisman to the wearer. This is declared to be the "precious jewel" Shakespeare immortalized but which is usually interpreted as the eyo "Sweet are the uses of adversity.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity.
Which, like the tout, ugly and venemous
Yet wears a precious level in its head."

When we behold the wonderful re-sults obtained by florists who bring plants, notably roses, pansies and chrysanthemums, to the highest point of cultivation in order to increase the of cultivation in order to increase the sice of the bloom, we are filled with admiration; that seems a worthy ambition indeed. But in the ciden time the mania in the great gardens of European palaces and cuateaus was to torture plants, and by trimming make them assume the forms of men and animals. The time expended to obtain results was great, but the results themselves were not. Queer, quaint, are the qualified terms of praise that alone can be accorded to them. Such gardens are now rare enough, but one exists near Steinham, in Germany. As the cars speed along passengers see a strange he lige, which gradually assumes the forms of sportsmen, a man on horseback, men quarreling, a general with his laurel wreath, an elephant, a camel, a llama, sheep, deer west here. clephant, a camel, a llama, sheep, deer, goat, hog, ass, cat, crocodile, monkey, hen, peacock, bird feeding its young, a spinning wheel, etc. The dwarf trees of the Japanese are now very well known. Some of them are so small that you could have a dozen of them in your window gar. dozen of them in your window gar-den. In all these dwarf trees, the root, unable to expand, being hemmed dozen of them in your window gar-den. In all these dwarf trees, the root, unable to expand, being hemmed in by the pot, becomes distorted and crops out of the ground, so that there is sometimes more root apparent than real trunk. Among wealthy Japan-ese, it is not uncommon to find atanding outside the window a little case containing a number of these dwarf trees, wnich, left to their natural growth, would have formed [a grove large enough to surround and overshadow the house.

A Big Pile of Codneh.

Imagine 4,500 quintuls, or 504,000 pounds, or 352 tons, or 113 cords of salted cod and pollock, all neatly piled up in one building, and you will have before you the largest stock of fish in the city of Portland at the present time. It has all been brought from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland since the 10th of October There is one pile of fourteen tons of specially selected codnsh. They were big fellows when taken from the water and weighed then from forty to eighty pounds each. Now they weigh from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds apiece. When they have been stripped of the skin, carefully boned, trimmed into slices of faultiess flesh like so much clean, clear bread or cheese, and packed in boxes marked "bone tess fish," they will weigh but from twelve to fifteen pounds apiece. Such is the shrinkage of an eighty-pound codish into the perfect food product. In the trimming process about twenty pounds of "scrap" are removed to every 100 pounds of the boneless slices. This is, of course, good food tissue, though it looks decidedly like "leavings." It is sold for about 8 cents a pound. Country fish-peddlers buy it, sometimes in 100 and 150 pound lots, and sell it to farmers and buy it, sometimes in 100 and 150 pound lots, and sell it to farmers and villagers to make into hash for about 10 cents a pound. The skins are packed in barrels and sent to Gloucester, Mass., where they are made into give. They bring about a cent and a half a pound. The bones well for \$2 and \$3 a ton and are hauled over to Cape Elizabeth to be utilized as a fertilizer for cabbages.—Lewiston

A Suggestion to Agriculturists. Bulgarian peasants have given up grain growing to a great extent and are raising roses. Attar of roses is now worth from \$10 to \$15 for eight now worth from \$10 to \$15 for eight teaspoonfuls. It seems that Bulgarian farmers could give points about changing their products to some agriculturists of the eastern part of the United States, who continue to produce small quantities of wheat in competition with the west, instead of paying more attention to dairying and to the production of articles for which all the cities furnish a profitable market. — Rochester Herald.

Will the American Girl Skilobn?

It will not be long in all probabil-ity before the American girl will go skilobning. This has a pertentious sound, but merely refers to the win-ter sport of Scandinavia. It consists in scudding over the snow and ice after being shod with the skee, a after being shod with the skee, a long wooden snowshoe. Austrian ladies of fashion are devoted to the new sport, and it will get to New York sooner or later.

The preservation of pictures has become a topic of much considera-tion in London. Probably the most successful experiment, that has been

Mary and Hor Little Lamb

Mary and Her Little Lamb.

Is there a boy or girl in all this broad country who has not heard of Mary and her little lamb? The one, you know, who followed her to school one day, and made the children laugh. Of course everybody knows about the little creature, and perhaps has sighed to think that it went the way of all mutton years and yeare ago.

Perhaps the great majority of readers, when they grew up to be men and women, came to the conclusion that Mary and her lamb were both fictions, as much as the old woman who lived in a shoe, or Cinderella; but, strange to say, there was a Mary, and also a lamb, and the world-famous ditty was founded on fact. The author was Sarah J. Hale, who died in Philadelphia, some years ago, at the ago of eighty-six. The lamb, as previously remarked, must have died long ago, and on December, 10, 1869, the heroine of the poem breathed her last.

Her name was Mary F. Sawyer. She was born in Sterling, Mass., in 1806, and in that town the famous lamb episode is said to have occurred.

It does not appear that Mary otherwise distinguized herself than in owning the lamb, but the poem gives us the assurance that she was a kindhearted girl, and in that respect she maintained her reputation until the day of her death.

Her married name was Tyler, and as Annt Mary Tyler, and as Annt Mary

maintained her reputation until the day of her death.

Her married name was Tyler, and as Aunt Mary Tyler she was known by everybody and estgemed by all.

Thus the famous trie disappear from the earth, Mary and her lamb and the woman who made them both renowned. The poem itself is one of those imperishable things like the "Iliad," which generations yet to come will read with undiminished pleasure. There is no use speculating as to the cause of its popularity—it has come to stay.—

Golden Days.

There is no perfume more generally agreeable than the clean, sweet oder of orris root. Violet sachet powder, if of a very fine quality, and so faint as to be the mere suggestion of a perfume, is generally pleasant. Rose, musk and other stronger scents give many an unpleasant sensation of faintness or even nausea, and are always open to the disagreeable susalways open to the disagreeable sus always open to the disagreeable sus-picion of being used for counteract-ing purposes. After all, as Henry Ward Beecher said; "There is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell," and absolute daintiness of persons attract far more than any perfumery can do.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A little Brooklyn girl astonished her mother the other day by her proficiency in philological pursuits. "Mamma," said she, "there are three kinds of 'by's,' aren't there?" "What do you mean, my dear?" responded the mother in surprise. "Well," sweetly lisped the little one, "there's one 'by' when you go by some one on the sidewalk, and there's another when you go to the store to buy something, and then there's by gosh!" The mother was not long in reaching the conclusion that her daughter needed a little careful instruction in the minor morals.—New York Tribune.

It lies Come, Will It Be Gentley
Gentle spring with the flowers of May may
woo us into a carcless indifference of sanilary laws. It is the old story, a thrice told
tale of being rash and taking the consequences. There is no time in the whole round
of the year when results are more serious
from an ordinary want of care than now. of the year when results are more serious from an ordinary want of care than now. What with a changeful temperature and infectious dampness, rheumatism is most provalent and in the most aggravated forms. Even in the pursuit of the season's pleasures, its pastimes and sports, there will be a prodigious crop of spraias and bruless, of lame backs and stiffened limbs, of neuralgic affections and solutic troubles. Men and women will suffer intensely, and only because they fall to be provided with what is known to be the remedy for them all. When it is said that St. Jacobs Oil is that remedy, it is only saying what thousands know and thousands ing what thousands know and thousands have pronounced it the best.

The Word "Vagabond." "Vagabond" was once only a trayeler going from place to place on pleasure or business.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamr-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

England's first daily paper was "The Courant," March 11, 1702.

Your wife can buy several articles for \$1; you need \$2 worth of mailable articles in the drug line; you mail the order to E. A. Hall, Charleston, S. C., and save \$1, Your wife is happy, your are, and so will Hall be. Free catalogue, Every trade in China has its patron saint

Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup is a Posi-Some things are called sweet which

A wonderful stomach corrector - Borcha-Pills. Beecham's-no others. 25 cents a box.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.



Lessens Pain

Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"My wife, after using 'Mother's Friend,' passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour than in a week after the birth of her former child. -J. J. McGoldrick, Bean Station, Tenn. "MOTHERS' FRIEND" robbed pain of its terror and shortened labor. I have the healthiest child I ever saw.—Mrs. L. M. Ahern, Cochran, Ga.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.

Book "To Mothers" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

An imported Farm.

"I once saw," said Bertram Reynolds, of Boston, "an imported farm, the soil as well as the products being absolutely foreign to the surroundings. This was in one of the coldest parts of Manitoba, where I was entertained by a family which had retained its love for milder regions and crops. The bill of fare was necessarily meager, but some of the vegetables were so bright and green that I could not help asking how they were preserved so well. To my surprise I learned that they were cultivated in a garden patch or a miniature farm, the soil of which had been brought from milder regions so as to insure a fertility not found in the region of ice. The vegetables themselves had been grown from imported seed, and owing to the care and protection they had had they were a perfect luxury. The expense of conveying the soil in barrels such a long distance would prevent any but comparatively wealthy people from trying the experiment, but my frieuds had made it a hobby. The only other case of earth-importing that I have met with is that done by the Shah of Persia. The traditions of his country prevent his treading on foreign soil, and when he makes a trip in foreign nations his attendants carry a supply of Persian soil, some of which is placed in his shoes, a practice which accounts for the great inconvenience walking always appears to his Majesty when abroad."—St. Louis venience walking always appears to his Majesty when abroad."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"What do you call that great clumsy dog of yours 'Conductor' for;" "That's it; because he is always knocking down something."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy lie more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50s and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



After reading the following letters can any one longer doubt that a trustworthy remedy from that terribly fatal malady, consumption, has at last been found? If these letters had been written by your best knewn and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, coming, as they do, from well known, intelligent and trustworthy effizens, who, in their several neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who lange them.

in their several neighborhoods, enjey the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them.

K. C. McLin, Eeq., of Kempsville, Princess Anne Co., Va., whose portrait heads this article, writes: "When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was very low with a cough and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bod. I was all rum-down, very weak, my head was dizzy and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astenished and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can thankfully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery' would have resulted in my death."

Even when the predisposition to consumption is inherited, it may be carred, as verified by the following from a most truthful and much respected Canadian lady, Mrs. Thomas Vansicklin, of Brighton, Ont. She writes: "I have long fell it my duty to acknowledge to you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Piercasur Pellets' lave done for me. They almost raised me from the grave. I had three brothers and one stater die of consumption and I was speedily following after them. I had severe cough, pain, copious expectoration and other alarming symptoms and my friends all thought I had but a few months to live. At that time I was peranded to try the Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle acted like margie. Of course, I continued on with the medicina and as a result I gained rapidly in strength. My friends were aston-

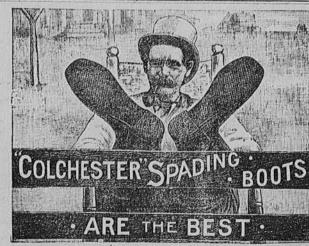
Thro. Thoo, Vanscekling

"Golden Medical Discovery" cures consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), by its wonderful blood purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For weak lungs, splitting of blood, shortness of breath insent catarrh, bronchitta, severe coughs, estima, and ithehred affections, it is a soverest coughs, it attengtions the system and purifies the blood.

"Golden Medical Discovery" does not make fat people more corputent, but for thin, pale, puny children, as well as for adults reduced in flesh, from any cause, it is the greatest feeth-builder known to medical science. Nasty cod liver oil and its "enulsions," are not to be compared with it in efficacy. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the solid flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

To brace up the entire system after the grip, pacumonia, fovers, and other prostrating cated diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "un-down" and "used-up" the best thing, in the world is Dr. Pierce's When find Medical Discovery. It promotes all the boilly functions, rouses every organ into beat thing and the reduces the bidout, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

A Treatise on Consumption, giving numerous testimonials with phototype, or half-tone, partraits of those cured, numerous references, also containing successful Home Treatment for chronic masal catarrh, bronchitts, ashum, and kinderd diseases, will be mailed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffulo, N. Y., on receipt of six cente in stamps, to pay postage. Or The Poople's Common Senso Medical Advisor, 1,000 pages, 200 illustrations, mailed for \$1.50.



Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUAILITY. Thousands of Rubber Boot wearers testify this is the BEST they ever had. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be persuaded into an inferior article.



"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUC-CEED," TRY SAPOLIO